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HOUSEKEEPERS' CHAT Friday, December 14, 1928.

NOT FOR PUBLICATION

Subject: "A Meal for the Finicky Child." (Story of "The Baddest Boy in the World" from Children, the Magazine for Parents.) Menu and recipes from Bureau of Home Economics, U. S. D. A.

Bulletins available: Food for Children, Good Proportions in the Diet, and A Guide to Good Meals for the Junior Homemaker.

--ooOoo--

Every time Friday morning comes around, I feel an urge to read you a story. Perhaps it's because of my bringing-up. A long time ago, when I was a pupil in the grammar school grades, the teacher read us a story every Friday morning. We put away our books and pencils, folded our hands on our desks and waited expectantly, while "Miss Mary" got out her copy of "Little Women," or "Jo's Boys," or whatever thrilling story she was reading us.

The story I'm going to read you this morning is called "The Baddest Boy in the World." As soon as I saw this title, I knew that the "baddest boy in the world" would have my sympathy. I might as well admit it -- I like bad boys. The badder they are, the more I like 'em. Remember what "Aunt Het" said the other day? "A mother loves all of her children alike, but I reckon she feels a little tenderer towards the one she spanks the most."

While you are listening to this story, you can be getting your note-books and pencils ready, for the menu and recipes.

Here's the story, about "The Baddest Boy in the World," and how he became the busiest man on the block, and one of the best and happiest:

George was a terror! There is no use trying to shield him. There wasn't a thing that was safe from his busy hands.

One can hardly blame the house painters for protesting when George used their brushes and paint, and made funny faces on the newly painted walls outside.

And the landlord wasn't exactly pleased either. "You'll make that kid of yours quit his monkey shines, or get out of my house! The destructive young divil!"

And old Mrs. Crawley complained about him, too. "He's a very, very bad child. I'm glad he isn't any relation of mine, for he'll certainly land in jail when he's older." She told the boy so, and hinted as much to his mother.

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George hadn't been nice to the old lady. He used to snatch things out of her market basket, and one day tied a string across the sidewalk just where it made her trip. It was a terrible thing to do. She might have been seriously hurt.

"Oh, why are you so bad?" sighed his mother.

"I'm badder than any other boy!" agreed George. "Mrs. Crawley says so. Guess I'm the baddest boy in the world!"

The terror of the neighborhood was only five years old.

There was a fair-sized yard belonging to the apartment house, but it was kept in lawn and could not be played on. The child had a cement walk about twelve feet long by six wide, a most unsympathetic place to play.

"I've given him lots of things to play with, he has skates and a coaster and he did have a wagon, but I took that away from him." The mother was doing the best she knew.

"Why did you take away his wagon?"

The mother hesitated, then blurted out: "Oh he's just awful! He went into the yard next door and began to dig in the flower beds for dirt to fill his wagon, and they threatened to call the policeman. And then he threw a stone and hit the little girl next door. Whatever shall I do with him?"

"What that child needs," said her friend, "is something to do. Why not give him a hammer?"

The mother turned pale. "Oh, I did once, but he tried to drive nails through the basement window, and cut his hand badly. And we had a terrible time with the landlord even though we made good the breakage."

It took the friend a long time to convince her that the little storeroom could be arranged for a workshop for George where he could have real boards and nails and a saw.

But in the end she agreed and fixed up a workshop for George. He was the proudest boy in the world when he was shown his workshop. He fingered the tools lovingly, his scowling, petulant little face took on the alert, shining look that is the sign of a happy child. He went to work whistling.

"Want me to fix the handle of your mop, Mother?" He asked.

"And that child did!" his mother boasted afterwards. "Why George is a changed boy -- so helpful and happy, no trouble at all."

Now when George tears himself away from his "shop" as he calls it, it is to get exercise on his skates or coaster. The busy little brain has been at work making things, nailing bits of wood together, trying to construct a

house, and he uses his wagon to pile his pieces of boards and shavings in. Thus the brain energy is used up for a little while and he has no desire to play pranks on old Mrs. Crawley. He did it before, because he was bored to death.

Now he's the busiest man on our block and one of the happiest and best.

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Our story is done -- and we shall write the menu. This is one of the meals planned especially for Finicky Florine, the little girl who used to cause her parents no end of trouble, because she was so "choosy" about what she ate. It took a great deal of patience and understanding to cure Florine of her "finickiness."

This menu appealed to her particularly: Savory Meat on Toast; Hash Browned Potatoes; Cauliflower; and Jellied Prunes with Pussycat Cookies.

Perhaps you have prepared the Savory Meat on Toast, using the recipe in the Radio Cookbook. Florine used to imagine that she didn't care for plain bread and butter, but she was very fond of this combination of toast, meat and vegetables. She had a complex on most all vegetables, too, but she forgot about it, when the vegetables were combined, as in the Savory Meat on Toast dish.

I'll tell you the "reason why" for the Hash Browned Potatoes. Plain potatoes were on the blacklist, so far as Florine was concerned, but her mother discovered that she liked the brown crust, on Hash Browned Potatoes, so that was that. Here's the way the Hash-Browned Potatoes were cooked. Six ingredients, for Hash-Browned Potatoes:

4 medium sized potatoes	1/4 cup hot water
2 tablespoons onion, chopped fine	3/4 teaspoon salt, or to taste
2 tablespoons butter	and 1/8 teaspoon pepper, or to tast

Cook the potatoes in their skins until tender. Remove the skins. Chop the potato very fine, with the seasonings. Melt the butter in a smooth skillet, and add the water. Put in the potatoes, in a thin even layer, and cook over a low flame until golden brown. Fold the potato over like an omelet,and then turn onto a hot platter. Garnish with parsley.

What's next on our menu? Cauliflower. Florine didn't like cabbage, but she did like cauliflower, which after all, is cabbage, "with a college education."

Now I want to give you one more recipe -- for Jellied Prunes, a dessert so good that you'll want to make it several times, in succession. Finicky Florine would never touch a plain prune -- goodness gracious, no! She shuddered, at the very thought! But she did love gelatin desserts, and prunes were no longer prunes, fixed up in gelatin, like this:

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Seven ingredients, for Jellied Prunes.

1/2 pound prunes
2 cups boiling water
2 tablespoons gelatin
1/2 cup cold water
1 cup sugar
1/8 teaspoon salt, and
1/4 cup lemon juice

Seven ingredients, for Jellied Prunes: (Repeat)

Select plump prunes. Wash well, and soak overnight in water to cover. Simmer until tender in the same water. Remove the stones and chop or cut the fruit very fine. Soak the gelatin in the cold water. Add the boiling water, and stir until the gelatin is dissolved. Add the sugar, lemon juice, salt, and prunes. Stir until well blended. Chill, stirring occasionally until the fruit is well mixed. When set, serve with whipped cream. The pulp of one orange may be added if desired.

The cookies served with this dessert were just plain sugar cookies, cut with a pussy-cat cutter.

To repeat the menu: Savory Meat on Toast; Hash Browned Potatoes; Cauliflower; and Jellied Prunes with Pussycat Cookies.

Monday: "Marketing Tips for the Holiday Hostess."